

Tainted Oxygen

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Summary: There has been a dark secret Hiccup had been keeping from his long term boyfriend. The question has always been how will he react when he finds out? Will Jack leave him, reject him? Or will he accept it and even find it to be a complete turn on? "Would you kill for me then fuck me?"

Tainted Oxygen

Title: Tainted Oxygen

>Alternative Title: Welp, I Found That Surprisingly Hot And Sexy

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>Genre: Horror/Serial Killer Au

>Warnings: Murder, blood, kink play, smut

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><p>"Jack we. . . we need to talk."<p>

Hiccup called to his boyfriend with a small nervous shake to his voice, reaching to gently grasp his elbow as he stood after dinner, picking up the dinners plates to start washing them and putting leftovers away. Their lives were simple, calm, happy, they loved each other and were in a wonderful relationship with accepting families and friends that wanted the best for the couple. Hell, things had only gotten better then they moved in together but it was getting hard for Hiccup to hide certain things from his lover. Both the evidence when he would come home, but as well as not telling him in general. Finally he cracked and needed to talk to Jack. To finally tell him the truth of who he is.

"Take . . . take a seat, please. This is important."

>"Sure, what's wrong Hiccup? Shit, were you fired from work or something?! Baby, it'll be okay, I swear-
"No no, nothing like

that."

>"Then . . what?"<p>

Hiccup grasped both of Jacks hands, pulling a chair forward to Jack so they sat in front of each other, knees knocking gently. Playing with Jacks fingers, he wasn't sure if he could do this. Yet the words came from his lips easily.

"I'm just . . I'm just going to say it, okay? I'm a murderer Jack. That-that string of kills the last few years have been me and I-I understand if you hate me, Jack, if you report me, I'll let you, I won't kill you for it I swear, you're important to me, special to me so much and I love you, but fuck, I had to tell you and I'm sorry for . . for having waited to tell you, for bringing you into this, for not being who you fell in love with, for everything." Hiccup rambled as he explained, waiting for the disbelief of the scream of horror and hatred from his boyfriend. He waited for something but when met with silence, he looked to Jack. Confusion was on his face along with a flicker of emotion Hiccup only saw in the bedroom. Wait what?

Slowly, Jack gathered his thoughts enough to reach out, undoing the top button of Hiccup's shirt, licking his lips slowly. "You're being serious, aren't you? You. . . you've killed people. You've gotten blood on your hands. Their lives. The last murder was just a few days ago too. When you heard, you kissed me, pushed me on the couch and screwed me." he murmured, looking through his lashes at the man.

There was no disgust in those blue eyes that clouded over in lust and desire, there was no hatred mixed in the unconditional love, there was nothing judging Hiccup for what he did and it was both exciting and frightening in a way to Hiccup. But more then anything, it was a relief as he leaned in close, brushing their lips. At this point, he didn't know what to expect from the more then remarkable lover of his, but his words were surprising him still.

"Would you kill for me then fuck me?"

"Jack . . . ?"

>"I want you to fuck me in their blood."<p>

"I need to wait a week or so until I can kill again but yes, yes I will. I'll kill who ever you want me too."

Jack smiled, tugging him into a hard, passionate kiss as he moaned against his lips. "That's my filthy, bad boy."

â€"

For over a week, Jack made sure to keep his touch teasingly light, taunting Hiccup after finding out the truth, even going as far as to play horror movies. Honestly, that blood splatter was so fake and done so wrong. Have these directors never seen actual murder? How the blood ran from a slice across the throat and along the collarbones to the chest plate if done slow? The quick spray like splatter at the quick slash, nice and deep? Apparently not and Jack took in every detail that Hiccup told him, straddling his waist, rocking during the long nights as he learned more of his boyfriend, a side he had never thought the engineer had.

Finally the night came. Hiccup had texted Jack that he would be home late, to have dinner without him as he had done multiple times in their relationship and at one point in time, Jack had thought Hiccup was cheating, but he knew better now. The wait was near agony for Jack, squirming on the couch as he waited, his imagination running wild. When he heard the sound of the keys in the lock, the door opening, Jack scrambled to his feet, looking over Hiccup as he stepped inside with a plastic trash bag in his hand. Inside the white bag, he could see the crimson smears of blood of the clothes he wore, the ones he changed out of for the walk home.

Blood was streaked along Hiccup's thick hair, striped across a freckled cheek and nose with speckles of blood along his skin. But what held Jack's attention was the smudges along Hiccup's lips, smearing as Hiccup licked said lips slowly. No hesitation as he tugged Hiccup to him, breathlessly kissing him, the strong taste of iron transferring onto his tongue. Jack didn't bother hiding his moans, trying to keep his voice down as he slipped his fingers from the grasp at Hiccup's broad shoulders to tangling in auburn hair, gripping tightly as he kissed Hiccup fiercely, with a need and lust that Hiccup wasn't used to but damn did he love it. His teeth nipped roughly at Jack's lower lip, hard enough to draw a single drop of blood to the surface, quickly licked away.

"Bedroom, now."

Jack groaned against his lips, tugging him roughly, breaking the kiss only to glance to the trash bag, a mental note to put their fireplace to use by burning the clothes for his boyfriend. Rid the evidence. After tugging Hiccup into the bedroom, ignoring the soft question of if Jack wanted him to shower the blood off from his skin. Fuck that, he wanted every drop of blood smeared to his own, pale skin. And the mere thought of that made Jack tug Hiccup in for another hard kiss as the back of his knees hit the bed.

Oh how easy it would be to fall back against the mattress, to tug Hiccup over him and let the blood coated man have his way but it sent a thrilling shock to his system at the thought of overpowering the renowned serial killer, pushing him down onto the bed, taking exactly what he wants and the way he wants it. With that thought in mind, he quickly flipped their position, pushing Jack onto the bed hard, grinning as he crawled from the edge of the bed, between Hiccup's spread legs to straddle his waist with a grind.

"Speak to me baby, tell me every detail." Jack moaned loud, rocking his hips as he worked open the buttons of Hiccup's shirt roughly.

Hiccup shuddered, arching his back as Jack got impatient with the last two buttons, ripping hard at the shirt, hearing the buttons pop off. A pale hand slowly raked down his chest and stomach, causing Hiccup to arch further into the teasing touch.

"Who was it?"

>"Dunno. It's better to pick someone you don't know, can't be connected then."
>"So what did you do? Where?"
>"Pushed him in the alleyway, slammed his head into the wall as I gripped the back of his head by the hair."<p>

Jack listened to the words, following it as he grasped the back of Hiccups head by the hair, tugging hard to expose the delicious stretch of freckled skin to his lips and tongue, flicking the tip along his Adams apple. Hiccup didn't even need to be urged to go on, smirking as he started to speak again, tilting his head for Jack to reach his pulse point to suck on, mark him possessively.

"He fell so easily to the ground and as much as I prefer torturing and toying with my victims, it was an alley and I knew you were waiting, so I made it quick. Well, quicker. Slammed his head again only on the floor. The head bleeds so much and he refused to just succumb to it all so had squeeze around his throat."

"Fuck, baby."

A whimper left his throat as he listened, looking down the blood along Hiccups skin, seeing where the collar of the t-shirt Hiccup wore before had been along his collarbones with how the blood disappeared from the speckled path, the same with the short sleeves of the previous shirt. So there was much and his boyfriend had done that. It was sick and twisted, Jack knew that, not only what Hiccup had done, but also how it made lust and desire for the man under him grow stronger, how the blood on Hiccups hands, the danger that lingered in those green eyes turned him on to lengths he had never known before. It was wrong but like hell did he care and not a chance was he complaining as he worked open the drawstring of the simple cotton pants Hiccup had wore, tugging them down just enough to pull out the hardening cock from it's confines. Grinning, he stroked fast, hard along the long length.

Not a protest came from Jack as Hiccup hastily pushed at Jacks pajama pants, pushing them down to Jacks knees, letting him squirm until they were at his feet and kick them off to the floor before spreading his legs wide along Hiccups lap, grinding against his thigh with a groan, the smirk though never once slipping from pale lips. It slipped into a nearly feral expression when he felt long, thick fingers slid along his hip and ass, pushing back to his hole and quickly Jack grasped the wrist, forcing back to the bed with a 'tsk'.

"Not a fucking chance. You came home late baby, so I already had half the fun without you." He growled, knowing the affect those words would have, a perfect mix of disappointment and arousal at the mental image of Jack spread across the bed or even couch, fingering himself long and roughly as he waited for Hiccup to return home covered in blood.

"Slut."

>"You love it so shut up and fuck me like a man or I will do it myself." <p>

Jack hissed with a grin, leaning in to kiss hard at Hiccups lips, bruisingly rough as he bit, wanting to draw blood, his own little show of power as he stroked Hiccup to full attention, taunting running his short thumbnail along the slit, pushing just slightly before teasing over the ridge of the head and down the underside, along the thick vein. It was always a turn on to see how riled up Hiccup got at every touch, to make Hiccup arch his back and buck his hips up at the smallest of teasing and Jack could never stop himself from at least a little fun as he worked Hiccup up completely.

Finally, he wrapped his fingers around the thick base, squeezing a bit tightly.

"Get the lube." He demanded, letting go of Hiccup to let him twist enough to reach to the nightstand for the tube. There was a difference of going without a condom to make things messy and far hotter and then not using lube. And no, blood was not a proper lube and would simply dry, become sticky and tacky too quickly, saliva just dried up so fast. So if it could be helped and planned, there was usually always a mini tube of lube on each of them. Jack snatched the lube from Hiccup's hand, taking a large amount into his palm with a small lick of his lips. He gave a teasing series of light strokes to spread the lube before grasping the base in a tight squeeze.

Lifting his hips, it took a small bit of movement on Jack's end to get into the right position to press the head of Hiccup's cock to his the entrance of his ass, pushing slowly down with a shudder and groan, releasing the tight hold his hand had to press a hand to Hiccup's chest for leverage and balance. The lube made it easy to slide down, for the thick girth to press inside the stretched and prepared hole. Buried to the hilt and grinding slowly, Jack shuddered, taking shaky breaths as he looked to Hiccup through lust hazy eyes. Hiccup was in nirvana at filling Jack, the tight ass squeezing around in every right spot so as Jack picked his hips up, starting a rocking rhythm of picking up his hips then dropping down, Hiccup scrambled to grasp Jack's hips and help his boyfriend ride him.

Yet a hand was swatted from Jack's hipbone, a pale hand grasping around Hiccup's wrist.

"Choke me."

The demand was surprising as hell to Hiccup as he had been already in a daze of pleasure from the rough rocking of hips riding him teasingly close. Hiccup was going to question it, going to say no, he couldn't do that and the pure irony that was how he had killed the guy earlier, it . . . it was odd. The idea of choking Jack while they fucked but the look in his blue eyes said he was serious, how badly he wanted those thick fingers wrapped around his throat and he had a feeling the murder earlier just made the desire stronger. Slowly, he wrapped his fingers around Jack's throat, being careful with his squeezing at first before tightening his grip.

Jack groaned, gasping for air at first with a choking edge to it. He quickly moved his hips, rocking hard and fast, thrusting down onto Hiccup as he took only the small bits of air Hiccup's grip gave him, enough for him to give a sultry grin and he harshly whispered out.

"You wanna squeeze me tighter, yeah? Is that what you want, you fucking beast? But I hold the power here, you need me. You can't kill me like others before." Jack moaned, slipping his hand down not on Hiccup's chest for balance to wrap around his own cock, stroking roughly in time with the bouncing of his body. "More."

Their pace was fast, hard and unsteady at times, Hiccup's fingers around Jack's throat tightened until Jack couldn't speak, giving him exactly what he wanted as he floated on the high that came from only a lack of oxygen, from the danger of this, the danger of Hiccup, and the pleasure of being in control of sex. He could feel his orgasm

building fast, the hand balancing him o Hiccups chest,raked his nails down the tanned, freckled torso, leaving red welts in their path as he tried to push the powerful orgasm back, just a bit longer, just a bit-!

He couldn't even moan, scream in pleasure as his untouched cock shot thick spurts of cum, his boy clenching and tighten around Hiccup, his rhythm being kept up by the large hand of Hiccups on his hip, keeping him moving fast and hard. Finally Hiccup gave a husky groan, bucking his hips as he came, sending sharp shocks of pleasure into Jack as he was filled with the seed, giving Jack the moment before releasing his hold on Jacks throat, listening to the gasping breath and intake of air into empty lungs. He could see where his fingers had been tightest, where he had gripped the hardest by the start of slight bruising around Jack neck that would surely grow darker and need quite a bit of explanation to any who saw it. He would make sure to help Jack cover it with a scarf or make up when they went out and about.

"I wanna go with you on your next killing. I wanna help you with clean up, I can be useful." Jack murmured, slowly stretching his back an moving forward to lay across Hiccups chest, smearing the cum from his own orgasm. Hiccup raised an eyebrow, uncertain thoughts shining clear in his eyes but . . . when had he ever denied Jack anything he wanted?

". . . you just wanna watch and get off on it."
>"Only a little. I get turned on by my brute."<p>

Hiccup smiled at this, pulling Jack into a kiss. "

I'll kill anyone for you, Jack."

"That's my filthy, bad boy."

End
file.